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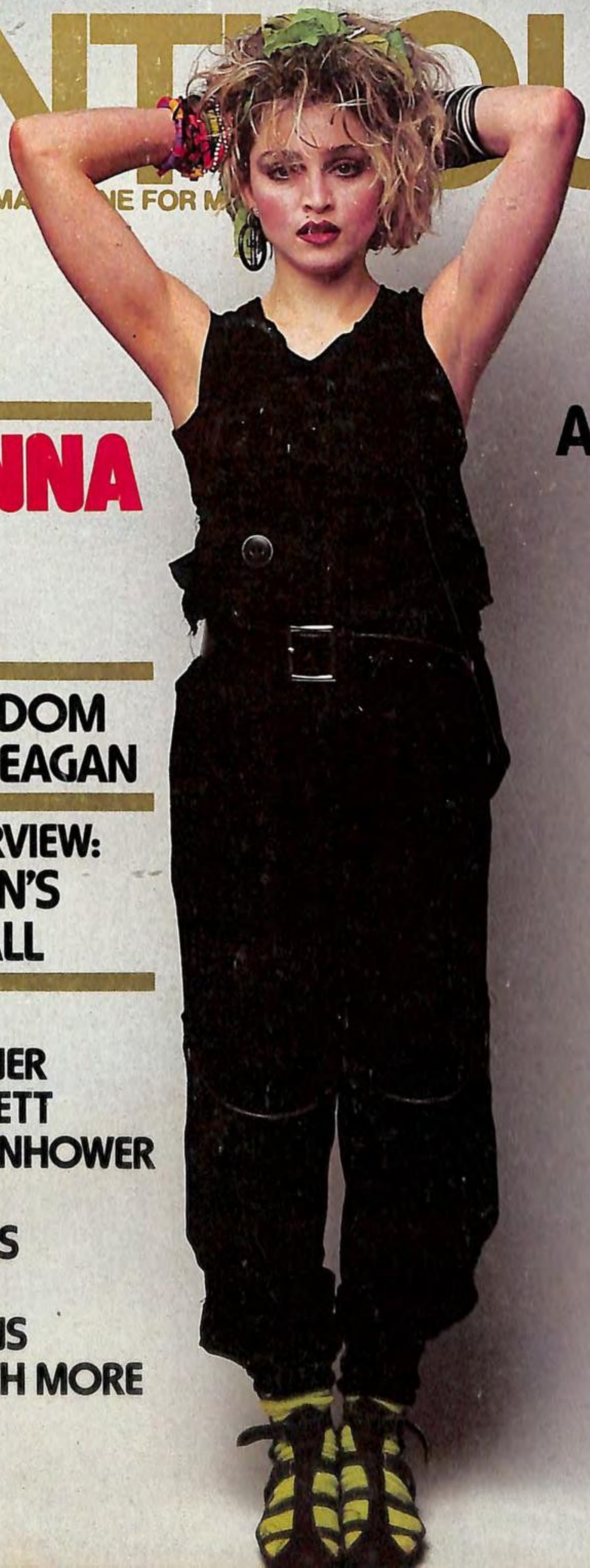

EXCLUSIVE:

MADONNA
ALL-NEW
NUDES

THE WIT & WISDOM OF RONALD REAGAN

EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW: ROCK HUDSON'S LOVER TELLS ALL

PLUS:

JAMES A. MICHENER
DASHIELL HAMMETT
JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER
PAT BUCHANAN
THE BEASTIE BOYS
TOM CLANCY
N.F.L. PREDICTIONS
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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PENTHOUSE®

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Our cover features Madonna, who was photographed by © Helmut Werb. Her pictorial begins on page 68. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 98.

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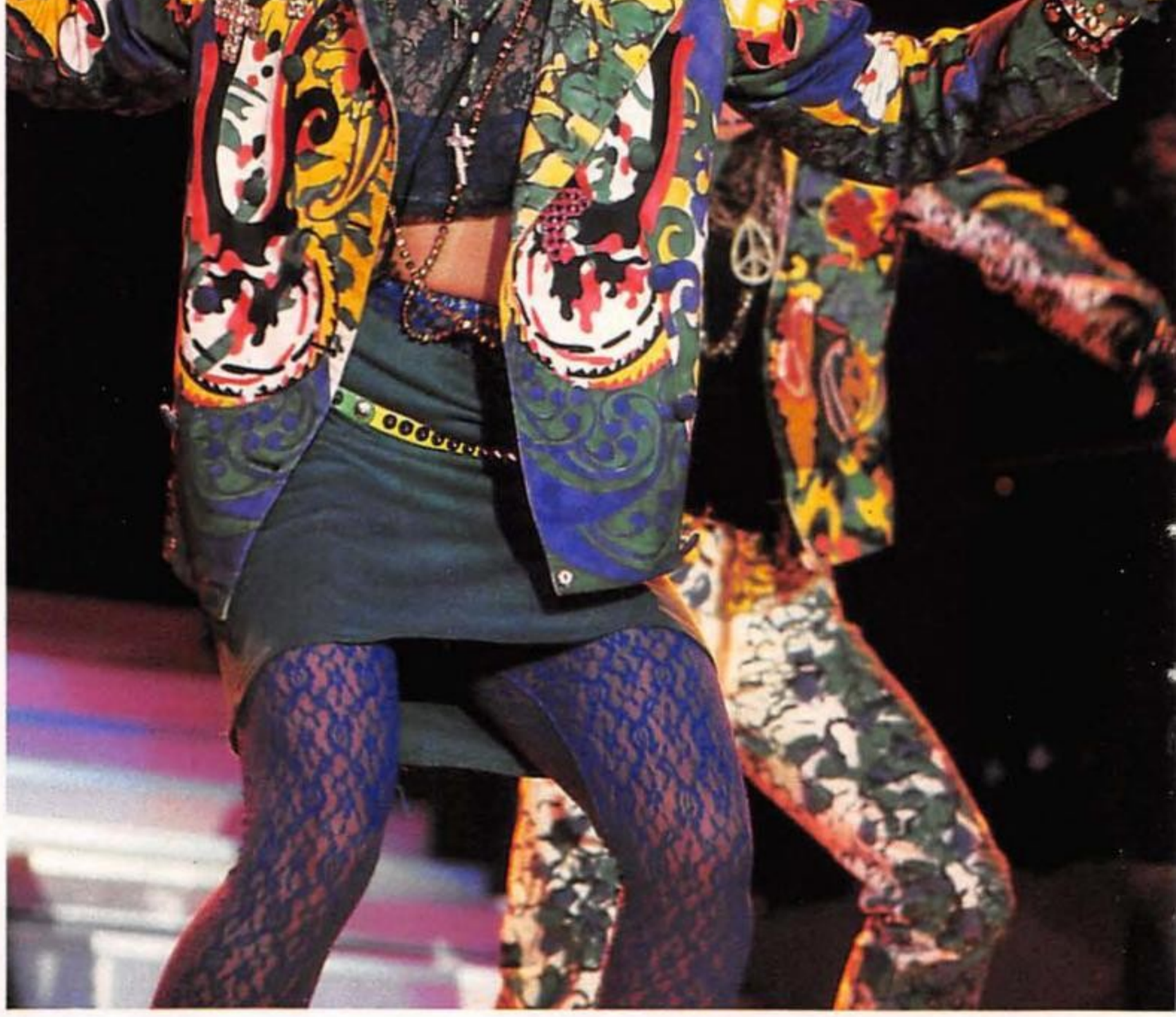
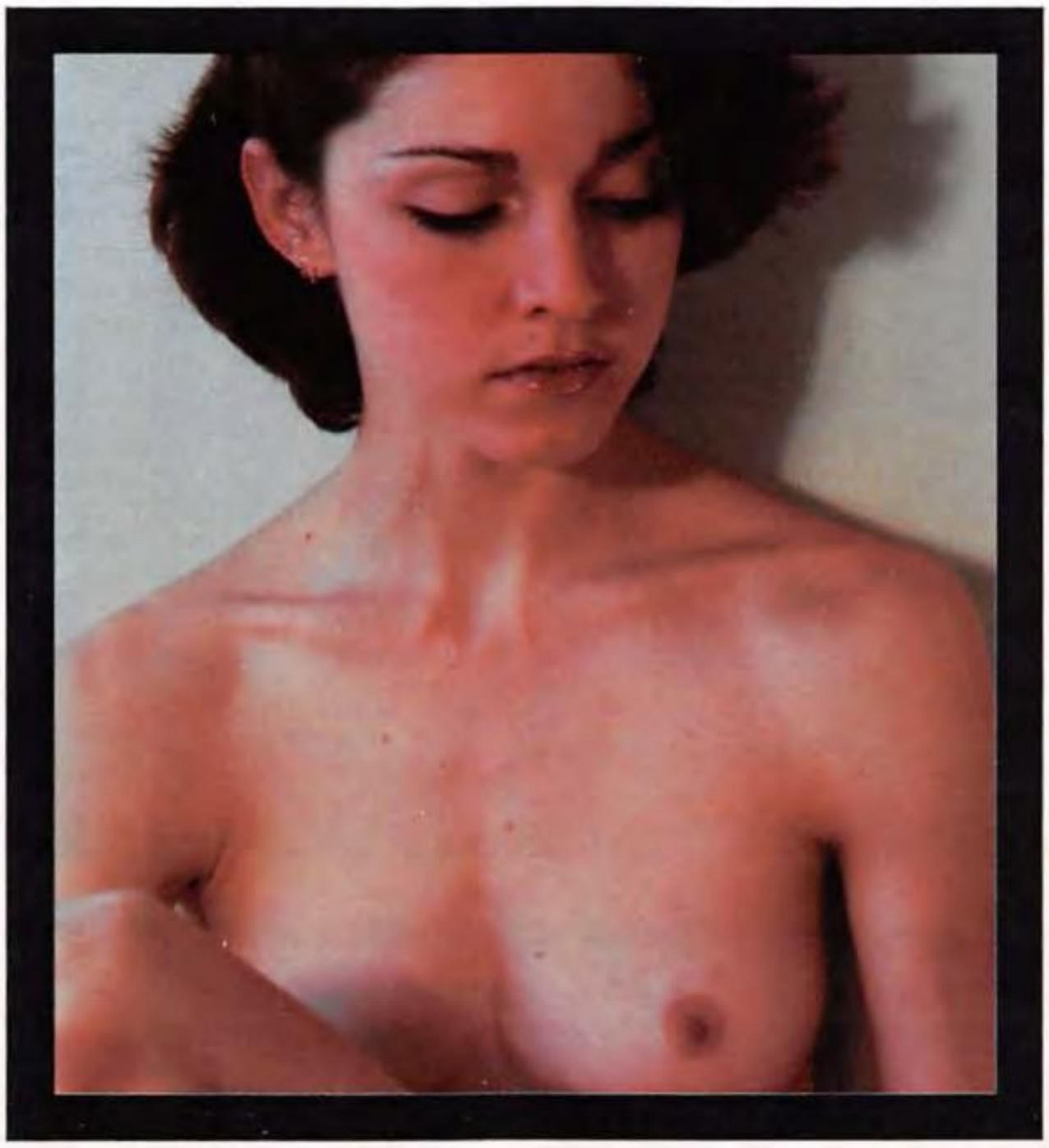
Below: Madonna and her husband, Sean Penn, last summer in New York City, where Madonna was performing in David Rabe's play Goose and Tomtom. *Right: Madonna in concert, the summer before, when she was still single and asking the world to marry her. The world said yes, but the sheets stayed unmussed.*



Fame and fortune,
she said, are all she wanted from
the world. She got what
she wanted, and the world, too.

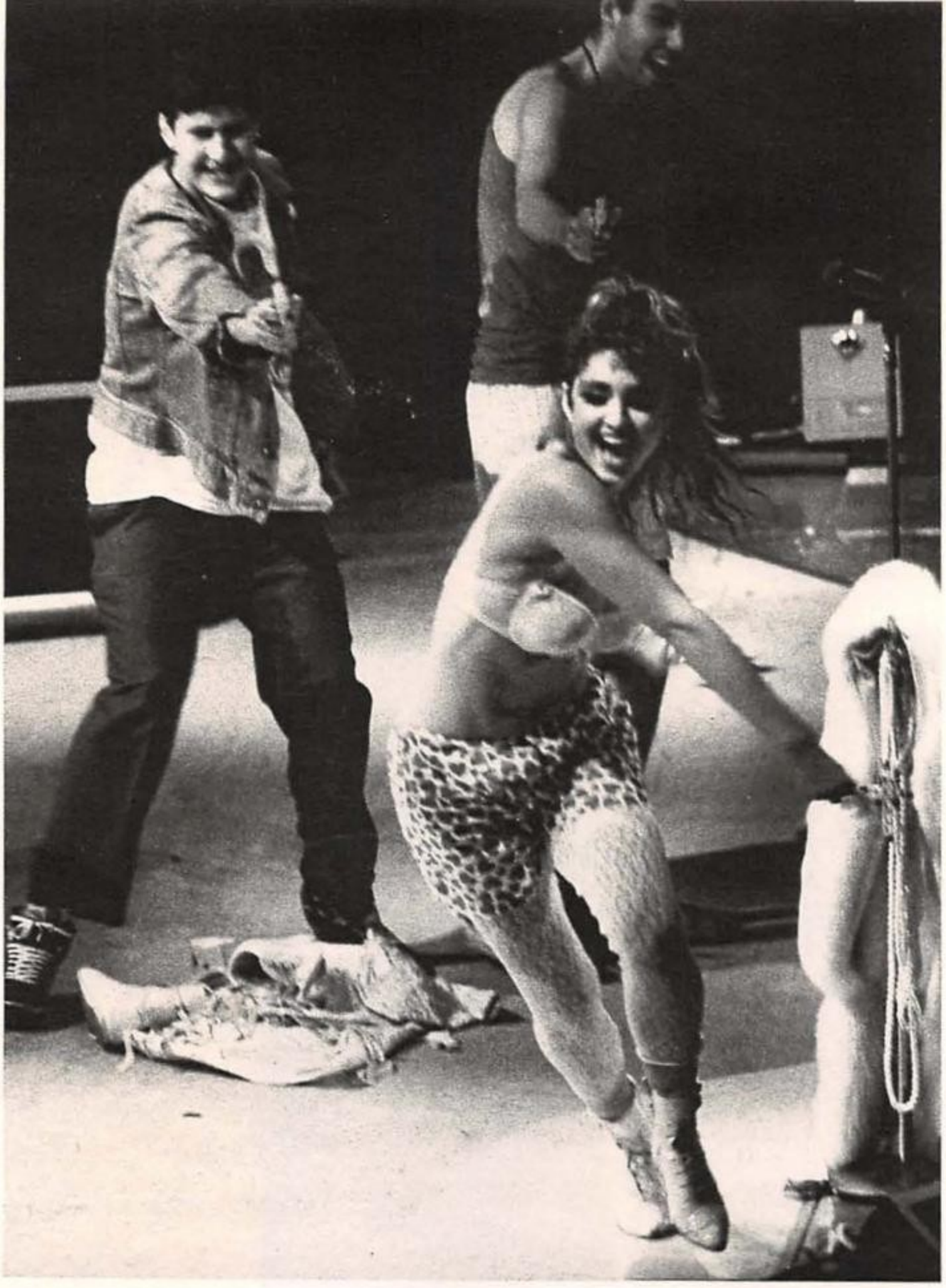
MADONNA

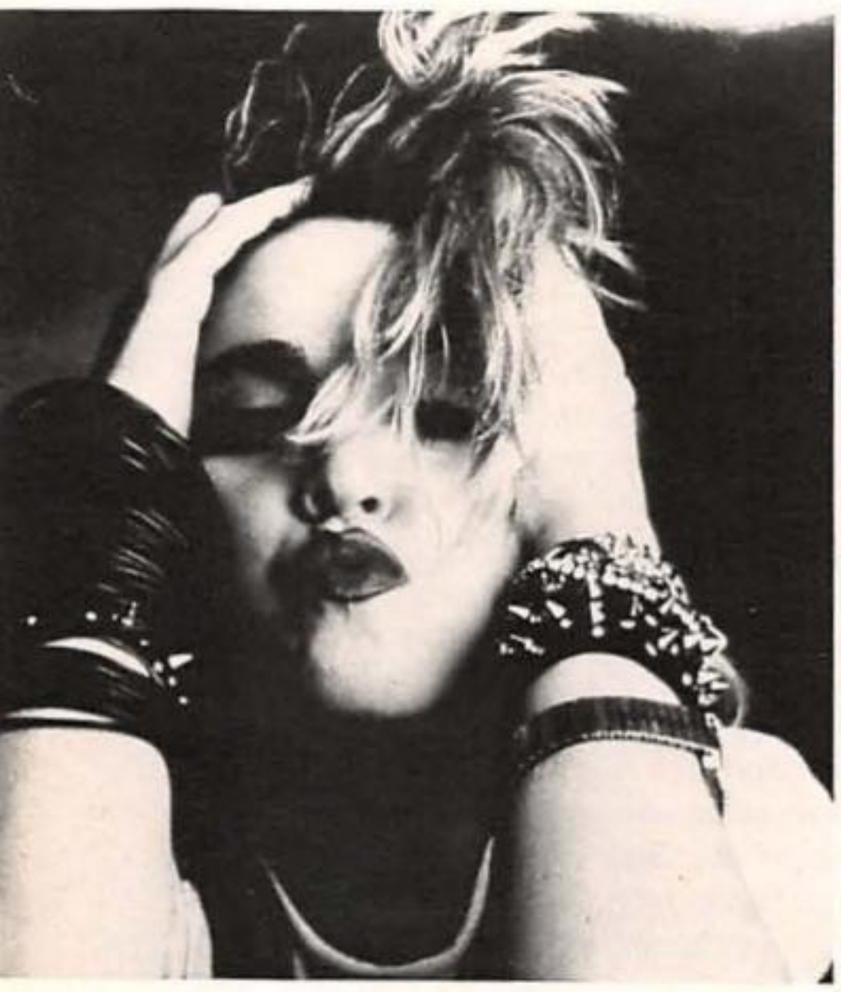


It was exactly two years ago this month that *Penthouse* published its first sensational portfolio of Madonna photographs. At the time, her fame, immense as it was, still bore the blush of its bloom. In little more than the span of four seasons, she had gone from being Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone, formerly of Bay City, Michigan—cute, unknown, scuffling—to being simply and spectacularly and sublimely Madonna, the sweetheart and sex goddess of the Western, and the Eastern, world.

It was her fate, her destiny, her luck, her fortune cookie from the Big Chinese Waiter whose name and the wind over Weehawken are one. The world was ready for it. More than that, the world was ravenous for it: the return of the blond goddess, the renewed snap of the great magical garter more powerful than a thousand E.R.A.'s barreling headlong down the vast sexless water slide of Judeo-Christianity. The world was ready for it, the appetite was there; and she was there, bless her, to give it what it wanted. But she proved herself to be much more than just a phosphorescent flash of platinum-blond body heat. She and the world—it was not merely a matter of a quick fuck between them. It was a ring through the nose and a blown kiss, the beginnings of a liaison that has just gotten hotter and hotter with the passing of time.

"There are about a million opposites living inside of me," Madonna once said. In the two years since *Penthouse* showed her as the world had never seen her, more than a few of those opposites have come to light. Divine Monroe reborn, peepshow floozy, suffering grisette in gingham, virgin and whore,



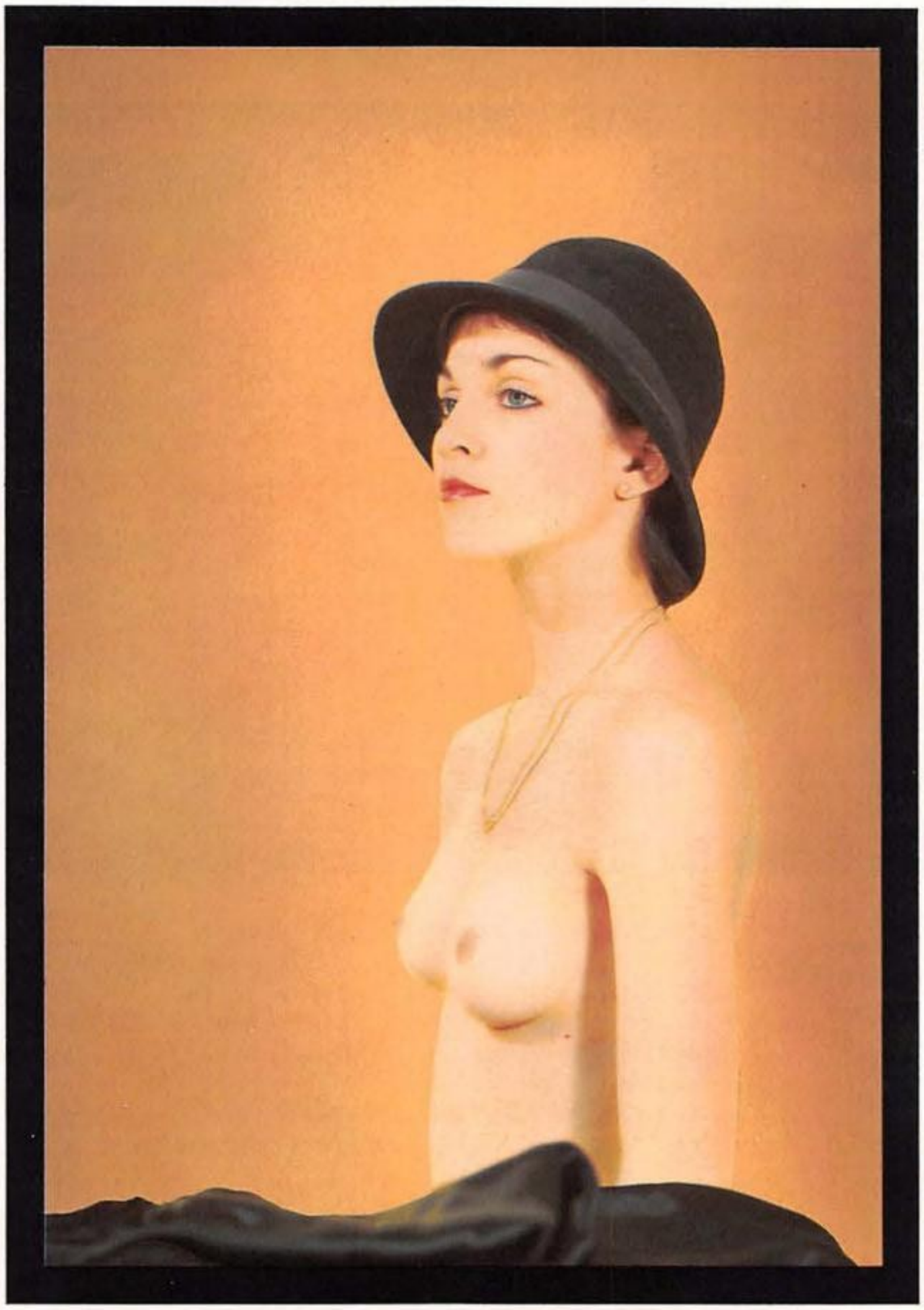


Left: Baring her bra at Madison Square Garden in celebration of her triumphant return to New York on her summer tour of 1985; and, a month later, performing at the Live Aid show in Philadelphia. Below left: Modeling a black-leather mini and a Martin Burgoyne jacket at Barney's, New York, last November; and, a few weeks later, on the set of Who's That Girl *with costar Griffin Dunne, in California. Above: Now and then. Only her hairdresser, and several million others, know for sure.*

little girl and bride, saint and man-eater, angel and sinner—she has swept through all these guises and more. At times, it has seemed that she is nothing more than a series of masks illuminated from behind; and it has been the mercurial mystery of that elusive radiance behind the masks that has captivated. Unknowable—if, indeed, there is anything to know—she enthralls, in a way that flesh in the hand never could. The true heart of her talent, the true heart of her gift, may be just that: She illuminates masks well. She gives good light.

Her last album, *True Blue,* released in July 1986, surpassed its predecessor, *Like a Virgin,* in international sales. This was no meager feat, as *Like a Virgin* had yielded three immense single hits ("Material Girl," "Into the Groove," and the title cut) and risen to No. 1 in nine countries, earning Madonna more than $8 million in royalties. *True Blue* was dedicated "to my husband, the coolest guy in the universe."

That husband, of course, is Sean Penn, whom she had married on August 16, 1985, her 26th birthday. This petulant and pugnacious young method actor, two years her junior and a minor player in the breadwinning scenario, distinguished himself by consummately playing an asshole onscreen, and even more consummately offscreen. Perhaps as disliked by the lowly public as Madonna has been adored, her marriage to him tested that adoration. Marriage, it appears, tends to deflate the stock of a sex symbol. It is an infidelity to the adorer—an adultery to the males, an abandonment to the females, an irrevocable symbolic rending of a maidenhead and bond that lived in illusion if not in fact. Of



course, if an icon must marry, it is better, imagewise, that it marry another icon—a Joltin' Joe for Marilyn, or, in the bargain basement, a Brigitte Nielsen for Sylvester Stallone. Madonna's choice was thus not only baffling, it was dangerous. That she survived this test, stock unhurt and adoration unflagged, is a tribute to her sovereignty. That she remained unscathed after calling him "the coolest guy in the universe" was more than a tribute; it was perhaps a tiny miracle—or, at the very least, testimony to the fact that, as far as sex symbols are concerned, a little stupidity worn on the sleeve can be just as attractive as a little beauty spot worn on the face.

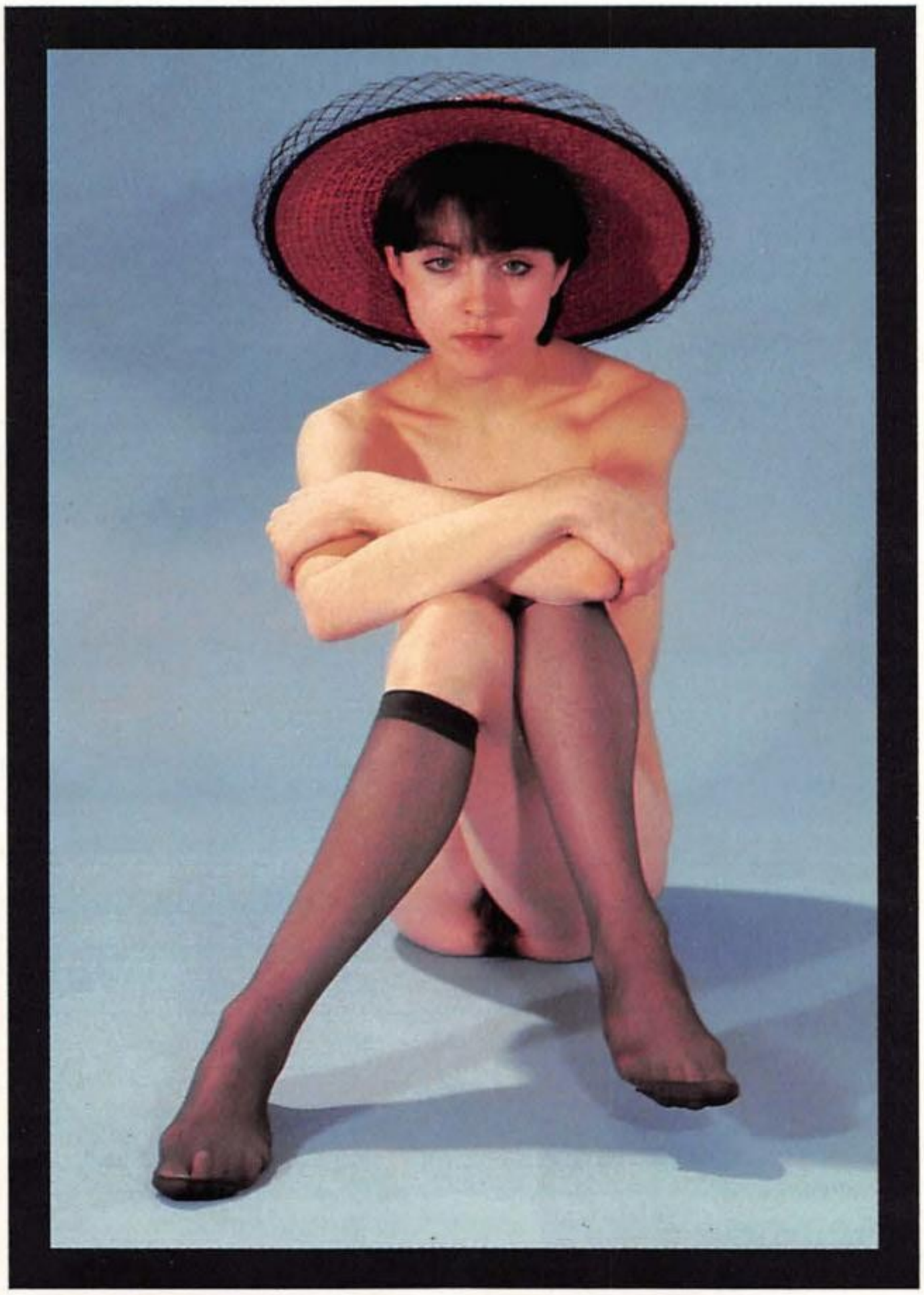
In any event, the public drew the line at the cinematic pairing of the two. With *The Falcon and the Snowman* to his credit, Penn is perhaps the most famous graduate of that group of youthful emoters called the Brat Pack. Madonna had been in a few pictures herself. In 1980, while still unknown, she had been in an hour-long skin drama by Stephen Lewicki. Called *A Certain Sacrifice,* it had been distributed only sub rosa. There was a small role in *Vision Quest* a few years later; then, in 1985, her big part in Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan.* (Coproducer Sarah Pillsbury—right on the doughboy money—said she saw in Madonna a "punk Mae West" who was a "total fantasy for both men and women.") Though she won wide praise for her work in *Desperately Seeking Susan,* praise was a credential Madonna no longer needed. By now, she was a goddess. Publicists, envisioning the possibilities of her and Penn together on-screen, gushingly invoked Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart. In fact,

"this film doesn't need publicity," Penn himself said upon firing unit-publicist Chris Nixon during production. "The people will go to see it because we're in it."

The film was *Shanghai Surprise*, produced by ex-Beatle George Harrison and directed by Jim Goddard, best known for his British television series "Reilly: Ace of Spies." In *Shanghai Surprise*, Madonna played a prim missionary named Miss Tatlock, who spreads her legs for Penn and the cause of righteousness in pre–World War II China. Penn was right. The picture did not need publicity. It needed an act of God. And he was wrong, too. The people did not go to see it. The publicists' dreams of Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart, gave way to the realities of Tedium and Blunder. United Press International described *Shanghai Surprise* most succinctly—a "complete critical and commercial failure."

Madonna emerged from the fiasco unruffled, proving yet again that she was beyond destruction. "The director," she said, "just had no idea of what he was doing." The memory of the fiasco was washed away by the waves of her next hit, "Papa Don't Preach." It was a song about an unwed mother-to-be that even Tipper Gore, founder of the crypto-chaste Parents Music Resource Center, praised for its "sense of urgency and sensitivity."

Her next movie role was to have been in the Tri-Star production of *Blind Date*. She withdrew from that deal in the summer of 1986, when she found that the studio had hired Bruce Willis to play opposite her despite the fact that she had been promised approval of the male lead and director. The role



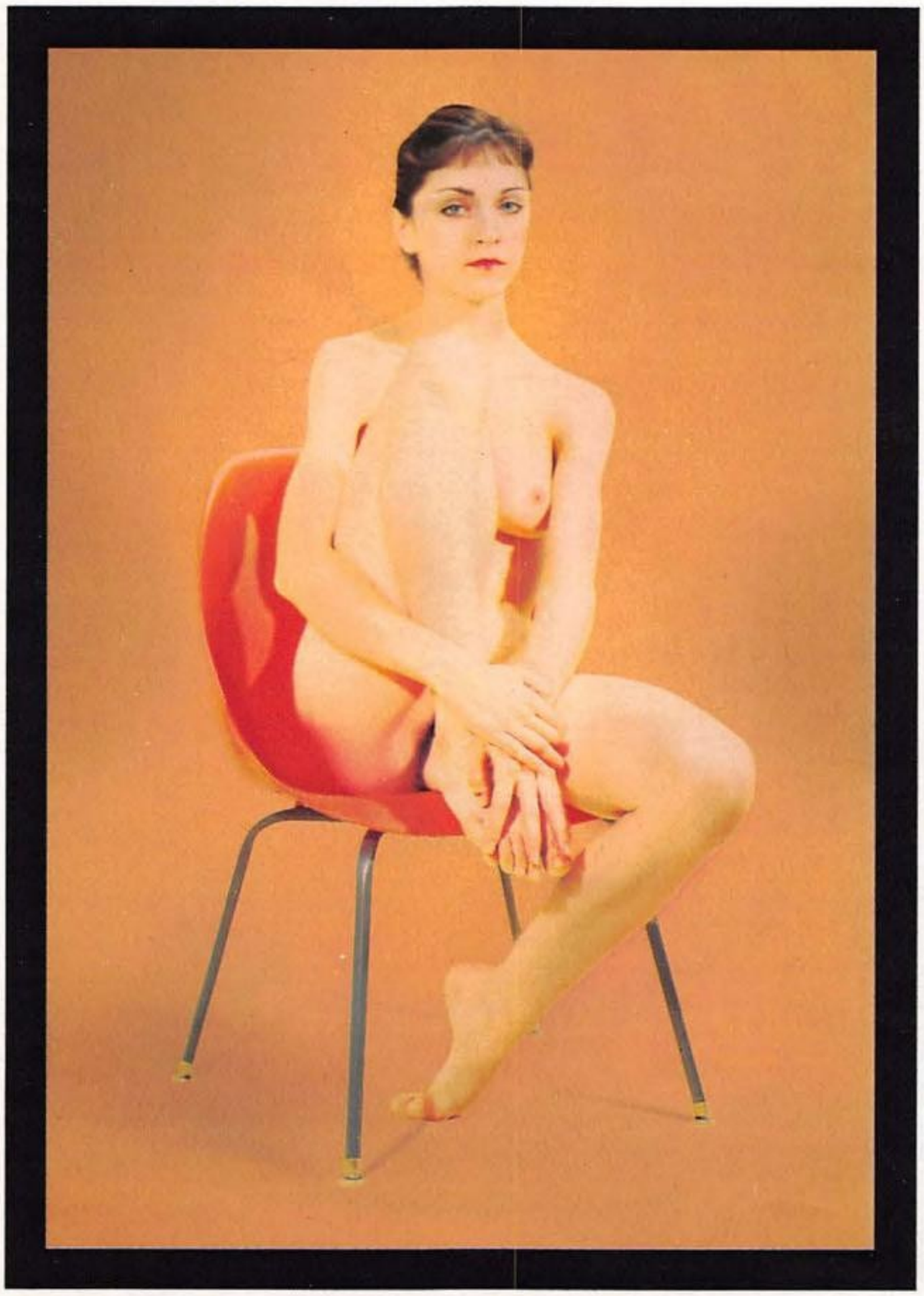
went to Kim Basinger. Similarly, a talked-about production of *Evita* was abandoned. Instead, Madonna took a part that summer in the limited-run Lincoln Center production of David Rabe's play *Goose and Tomtom.* Meanwhile, her new album, *True Blue,* blossomed predictably.

She accepted the role of Nikki Finn, a darling parolee searching to discover who framed her for murder, in the Warner production of James Foley's *Who's That Girl* (called *Slammer* originally). Foley, who directed two of her videos—"Papa Don't Preach" and the European version of "True Blue"—as well as *At Close Range,* in which her husband starred, is described by her as "a genius."

Now, once again, the day is hers. Her sold-out world tour, begun this past June in Japan, *Who's That Girl,* and her fourth album have claimed it for her. Fame and fortune, she has said, are what she wanted from life. If there was ever any doubt in the last few years, there is none today. Madonna, barely 28 this August and at her zenith, has exactly what she wanted.

The pictures these words accompany—the last of the Madonna nudes, pictures the world has never seen before—are from a time not so long ago, but yet a time difficult to imagine: a time before having a last name was unimportant, before there was a Madonna who had the whole world and all she wanted from it.

There really seem to be no masks in these pictures. That is their simple charm. They seem to capture the look, young and hungry and enamored and almost guileless, that served as the mold for the mask of charm, one of many, that the world

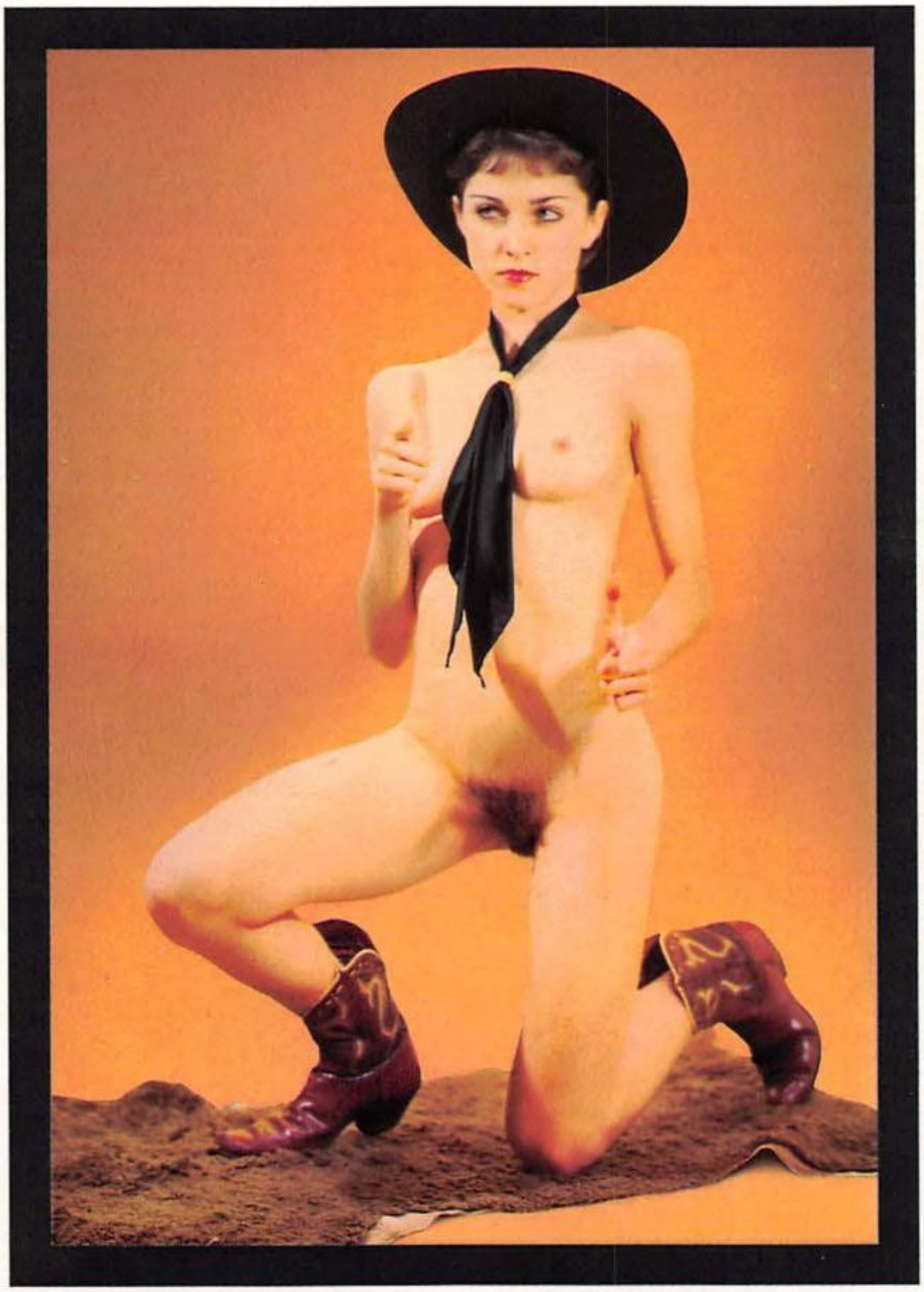


would come to know. But, of course, these are more than just portraits of a girl on the verge of something bigger than she dared to dream. They show that their subject's credentials as a budding sex goddess consisted of much more than a well-placed beauty mark and a well-practiced lowering of the eyelids. Her hair still dark rather than blond, her expression one of purity rather than of *beauté du diable,* her dancer's body still angular and bony rather than voluptuous.

In these amateur photos, she was something that she could never be again. Seeing her posed in oversized cowboy boots, Lash LaRue neckerchief, and hat is like glimpsing the awkward little girl inside the bigger-than-life star that became the world's virgin whore.

It is unlikely that the world will ever see Madonna like this again. "I'm at a stage in my career where any kind of nudity would be an incredible distraction within a given movie," she recently explained to *American Film* magazine, adding, "I was disturbed by the nudity in *Blue Velvet.*" Furthermore, "I had a traditional Catholic upbringing."

At this point in time, Madonna has become a vast multimillion-dollar industry unto herself. She has her own development company, Siren Films, which, among other projects, is presently involved in an adaptation for her of the French writer-director Agnès Varda's 1962 melodrama, *Cléo de 5 à 7.* At the same time, Diane Keaton and producer Joe Kelly at Fox are revamping the 1930 Josef von Sternberg–Marlene Dietrich classic, *The Blue Angel,* for her. In Great Britain, Feldon Productions has built an entire publishing business around

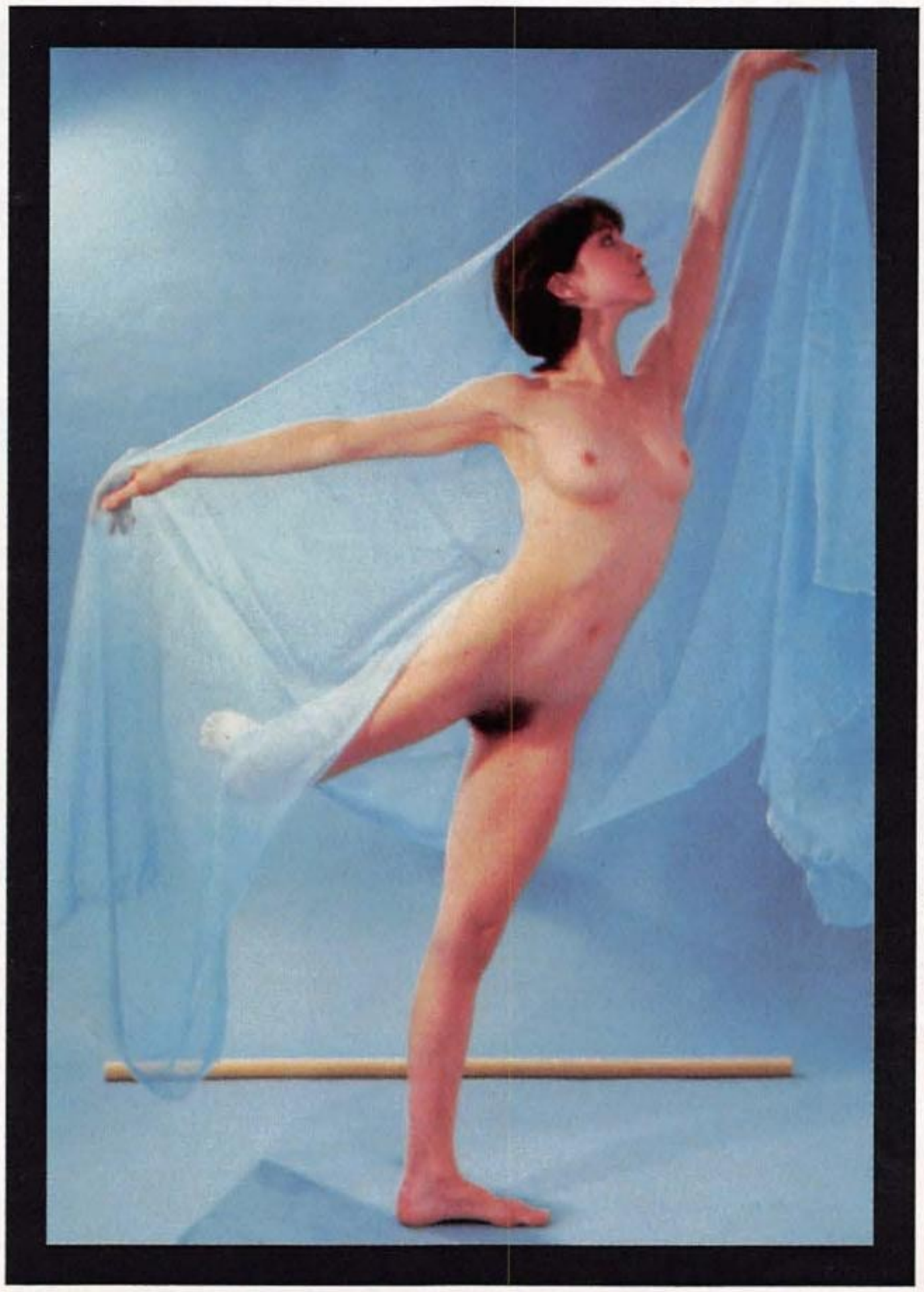


her with incredible success churning out not only books and magazines with titles such as *101 Things You Never Knew About Madonna* ("She Lives to Tell: Of Loves and Romance, Winning Hearts and Stealing Men!"), *Madonna—Style and Fashion,* and *Madonna in Quotes,* but also the Official Madonna Jigsaw Puzzle and the Fantastic Madonna Treasure Kit ("Where else could you get a silky Madonna scarf, three bright button badges, a see-thru keyring, two eight-inch stickers, and three postcards?" Where else, indeed?).

Madonna is comfortable with her own stardom and, more significantly, with all of the attendant mythology that goes with it. She even has her favorite stories: "that I have a shrine to Marilyn in my bedroom, that I believe the spirit of Elvis is inside my soul, and that I lost 14 pounds on a popcorn diet."

Has her ever-increasing success changed her? No, her nine brothers and sisters say; for, as Madonna herself explains, "I always thought that I should be treated like a star." Has it affected her family? Sort of. "They ask to borrow more money," she says.

There is no telling, of course, in this moment of her greatest fame, what the next few seasons and years will bring. Twelve months from now, she will be entering her 30th year. That is a dangerous time for sex goddesses. Already, there are rumors—started, it seems, by her hairstylist at the Bumble and Bumble salon on East 56th Street in Manhattan—that her hair has begun to fall out alarmingly, due to the heavy bleachings of recent years. Others speak of the ugly sagging holes, three in each earlobe, that have started to gape from the weight of



too much gaudy jewelry worn for too long; and they speak, too, of little wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and the lips. And it is no big secret that her two-year-old marriage-made-in-heaven has withered back to earth.

But those who contemplate such matters would be far better off counting the hair clumps in their own combs. By now, Madonna has enough money to buy all the happiness and all the little-boy actors her heart could ever desire. No material girl could ask for more.

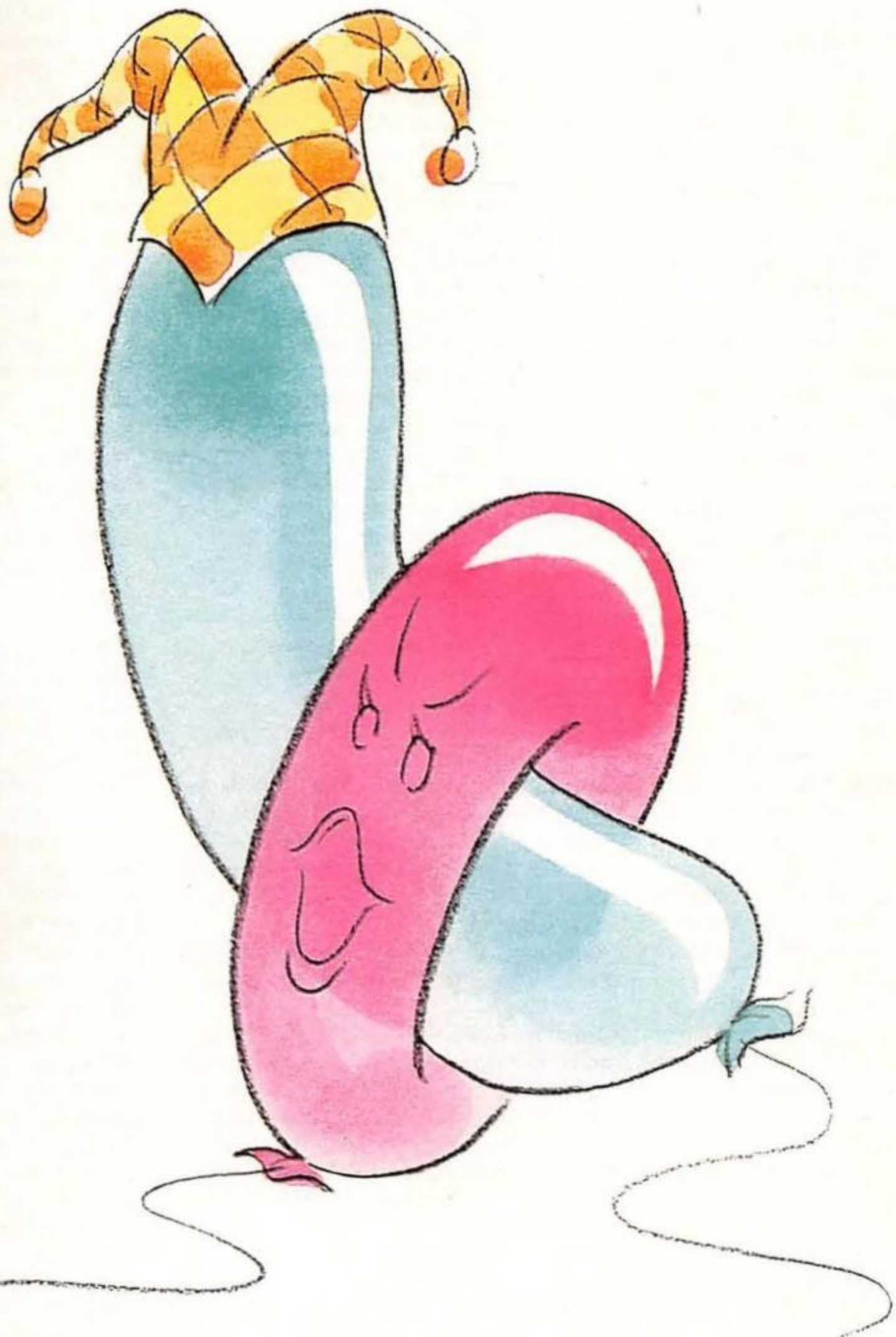
In any event, the 1980s, it will be said, belonged in part to her, and she wore them well. She gave a whole generation of boys the world over something they really needed, something they'd gone too long without—a dream girl radiating the perfect mixture of sinfulness and chastity, an illusion that boys in their formative years need more than milk or Wonder Bread. She offered her flesh to them in a dream—the price was worth it—and promised them, every TV-suckled one of them, the earthly blessing, the holy, rosary-rattling deliverance from youth they sought.

"Will you marry me?" she asked, sucking her finger and proffering her tits and ass to the camera. "Will you marry me?" And they answered "Yes," millions of them, "Yes"; and they're answering still.

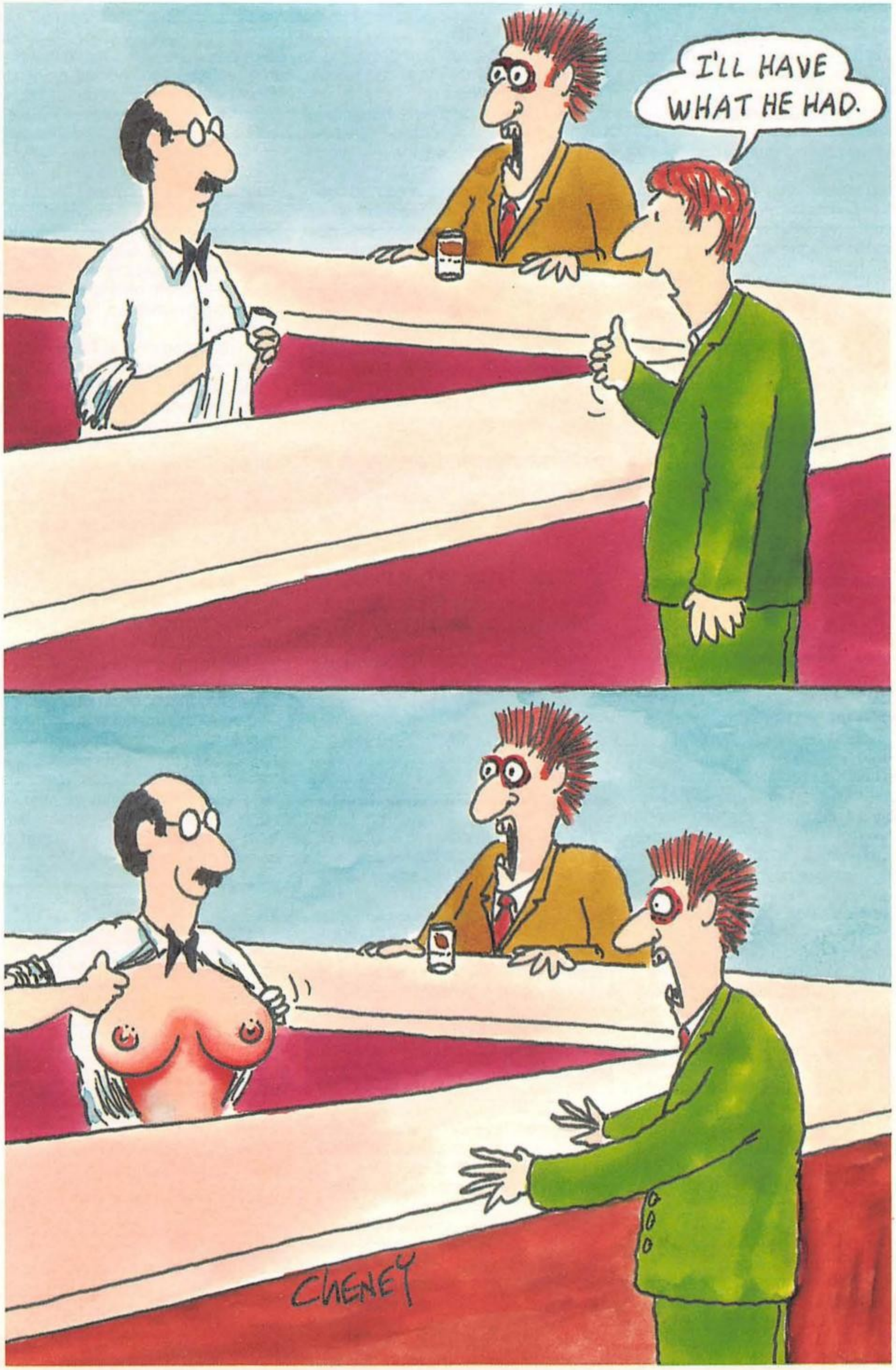
"Heart and soul," she said, describing her essence not long ago. And then she laughed. "With a little dick thrown in every once in a while." With an attitude like that, she deserves to be around for a long, long time to come, bolstering the GNP and polishing the grand illusion.—*Nick Tosches*

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Will you relax! He thinks I'm in the parlor drinking milk and honey."

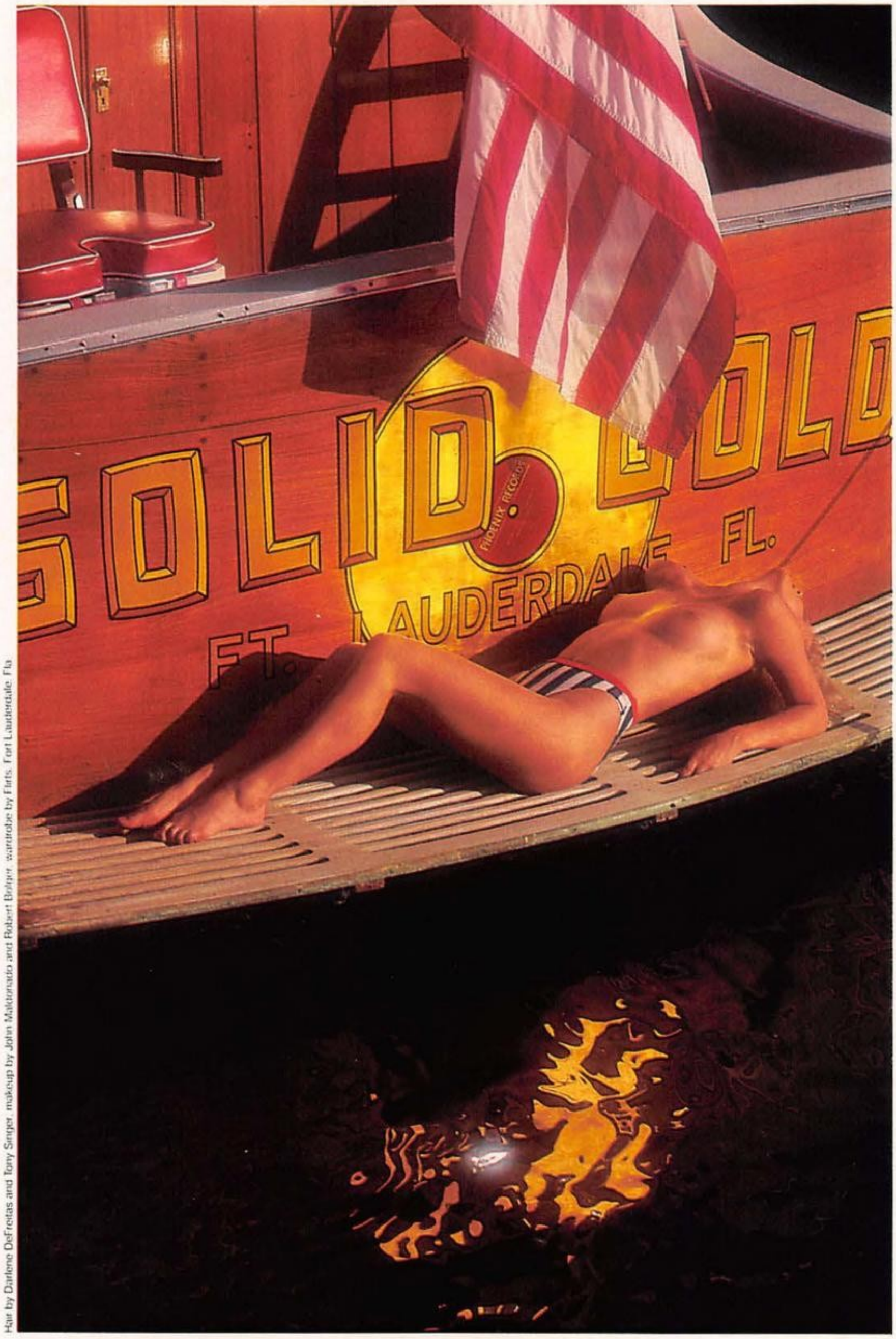

I'LL HAVE WHAT HE HAD.
CHENEY

STEPHANIE

"What's nice about being sexy is that it's easy to meet the opposite sex. What's not so nice is that it's sometimes just my looks that men are interested in."

KEEPING THE FAITH

Nineteen-year-old Stephanie Page is a young lady who sees herself in no uncertain terms. "Sensitive, sensual, romantic, outgoing, affectionate," are the adjectives she summons to describe herself. "Others," she suggests, "describe me as innocent."



Hair by Darlene DeFreitas and Tony Singer, makeup by John Maldonado and Robert Bolger, wardrobe by Flats, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Born and bred in Texas, of Swedish, Irish, and Cherokee stock, blond-haired, blue-eyed Stephanie likes being treated like a lady and detests rude men. "I love feeling womanly—having doors opened for me, receiving flowers and romantic notes," she says. "Being chosen as a Penthouse Pet has been quite an experience—and quite an ego boost," she reflects. "I still have to pinch myself to be sure it's real. Never," she exclaims, "did I ever expect or imagine that something like this would happen to me!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I could definitely be faithful to one man. But at this point, I want to experience life, and what it has to offer, to the fullest," Stephanie says, without apology. "If my career continues along the lines I want, that is, in both acting and modeling, a one-man relationship would be difficult—if not outright unfair to the man."

Being in *Penthouse*, she hopes, will lead to bigger and better acting jobs. Already Stephanie, whose perfect 36-23-35 measurements are as eloquent as her words, has been in the videos *Girls of Spring Break* and *The Great American Centerfold Search*.

"What's nice about being sexy," she says, "is that it's easy to meet the opposite sex. What's not so nice is that it's sometimes just my looks, not the person within, that men are interested in. There's more to a person than just a pretty face, right? Also, establishing friendships with girlfriends is difficult. Jealousy seems to follow automatically when a woman is sexy."

Stephanie likes "The Young and the Restless," seafood and dancing and beer. Her favorite erotic fantasy is "making love on a deserted island with Rob Lowe."

She admires Marilyn Monroe and James Dean—"because they're remembered." After looking at these pictures, we can say Stephanie herself won't likely be easily forgotten, either.

MISS STEPHANIE PAGE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

CAROLINE AND SUZY

They met on a flight to New York, strangers in business-class seats. Caroline stirred when their arms touched. Suzy, with her enchanting eyes, was a mystery to be explored.

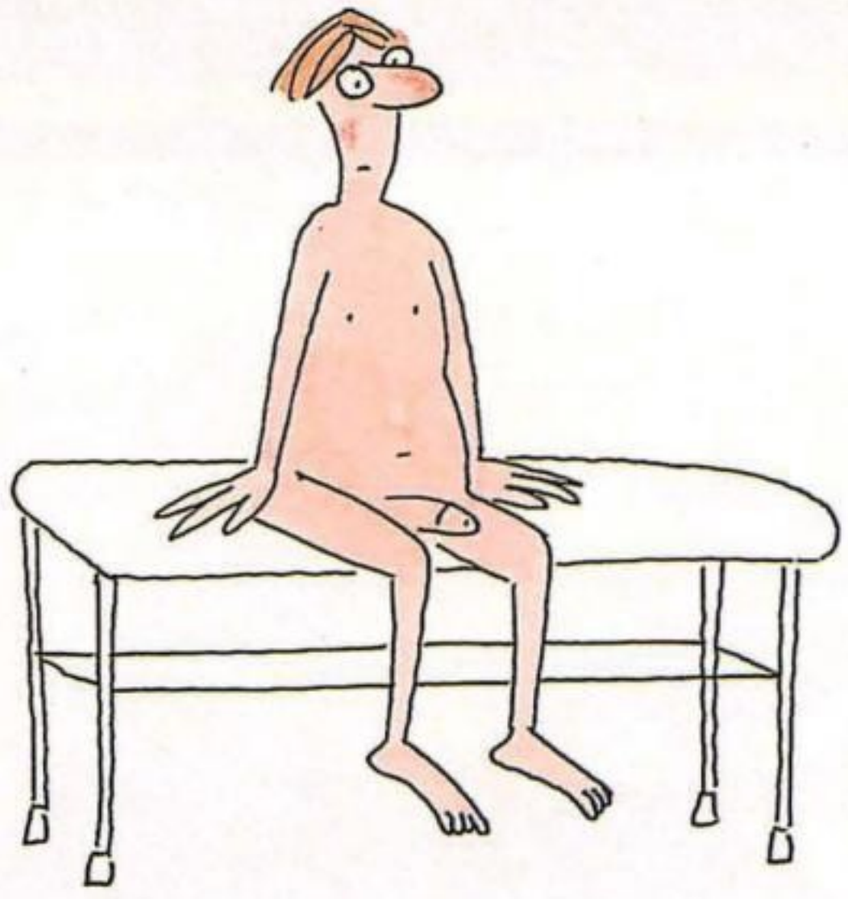
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOOR

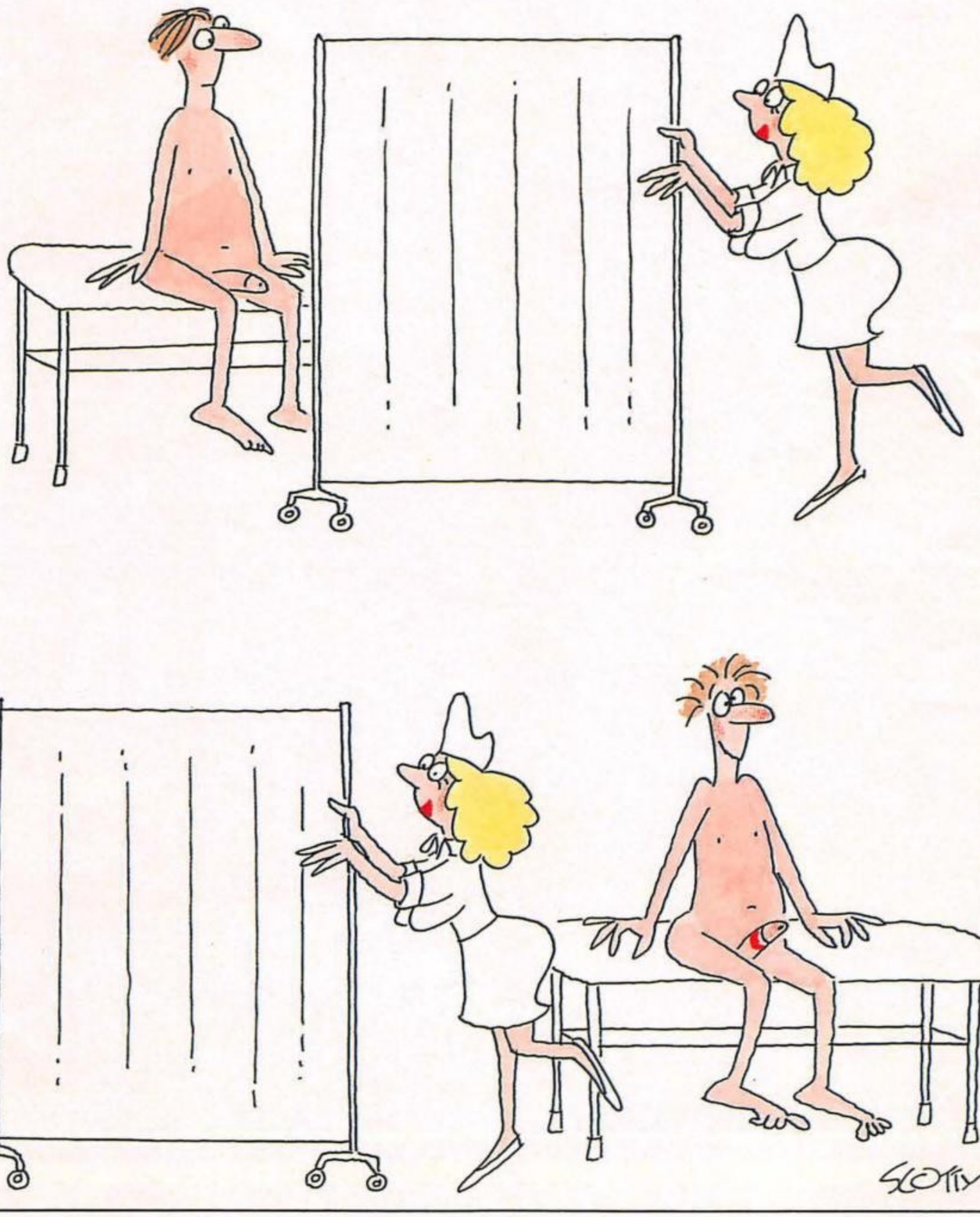
There was casual talk—both, they smiled to learn, worked in the financial district. But under the talk, intrigue flickered.

Later, beneath Suzy's undone suit, Caroline found soft silk and softer skin. Their blond curls and their lips and tongues and bellies and breasts came together.

Caroline's passion worked its sweet spell. Suzy, so cool at first, succumbed as the forbidden heat swept her away.

Whispered secrets passed from lips to ear, till there were no more secrets, but only the sweet spell between them.





SLOTTY

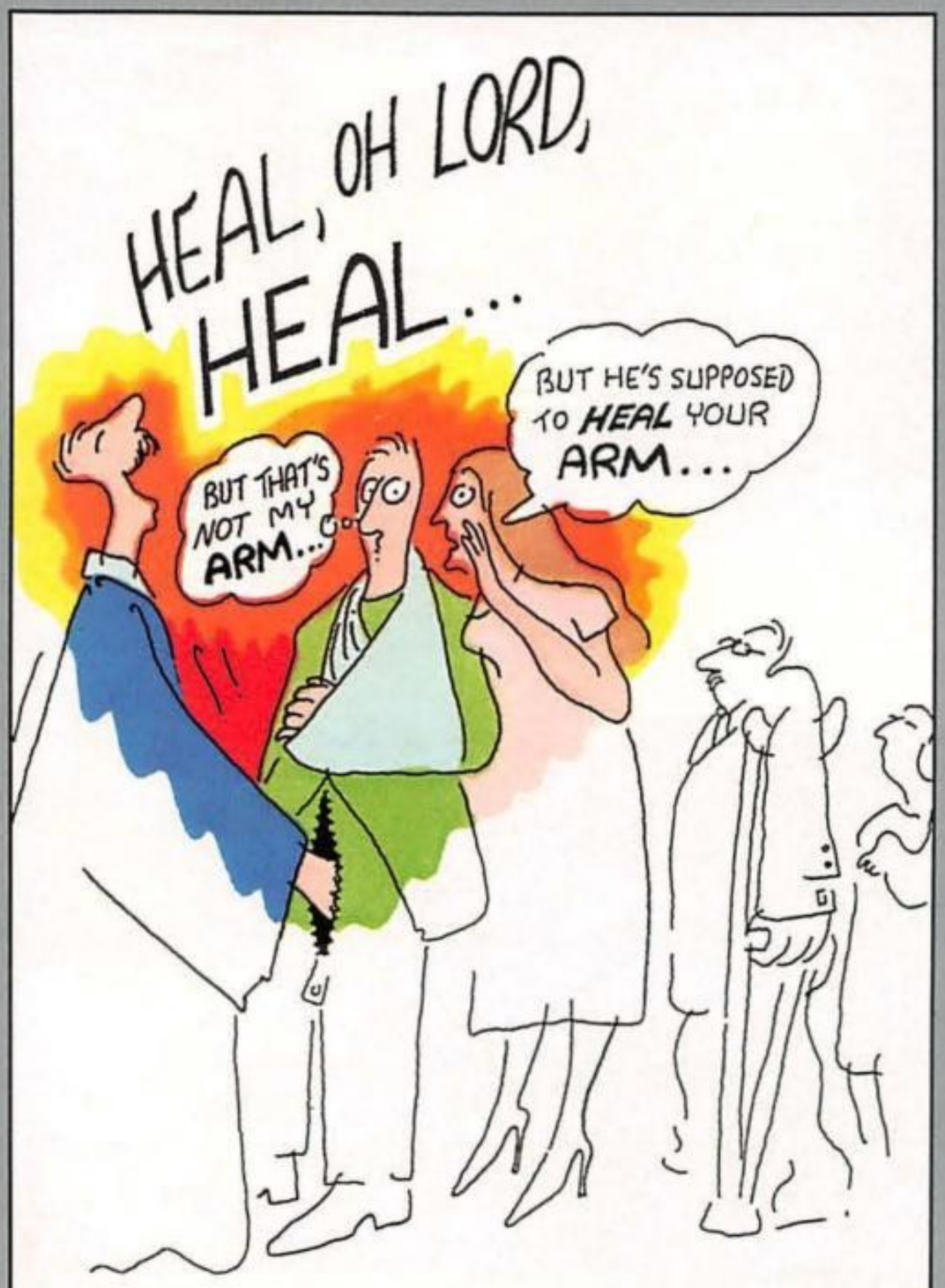
GROSS PROPHETS

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

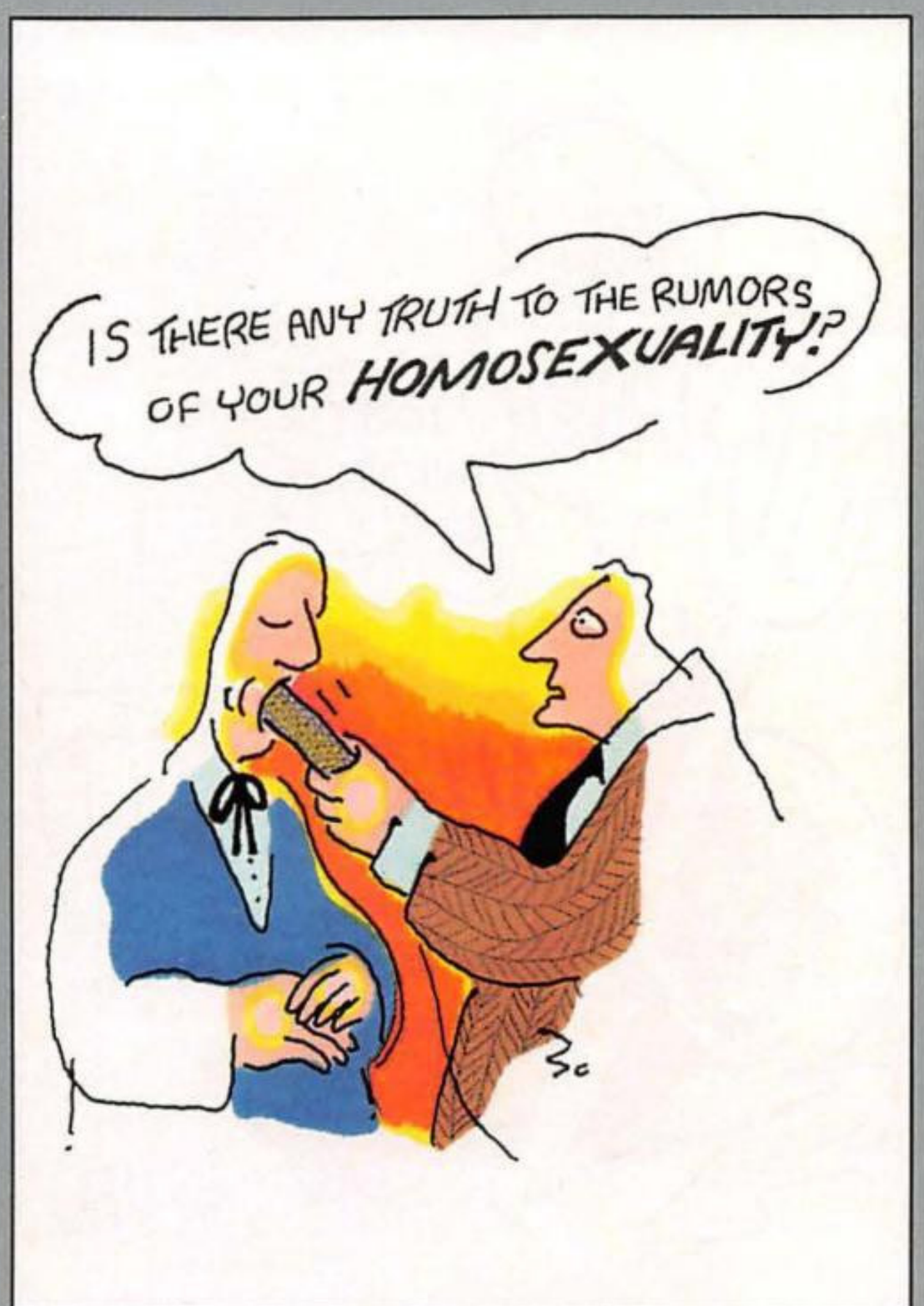
Prayer and *orgasm* are the last two things you
do before going to sleep. So it stands to reason that these
(all-too-human) acts could combine
to bring about the downfall of those who *net* big bucks on
the former and secretly *gross* out on the latter.
Media ministers are going down the tube these days for
their sexual transgressions; they appear to
have forgotten that, in the God racket, the Second
Coming relates to Him, not us.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT COMING OUT OF THE PULPIT???

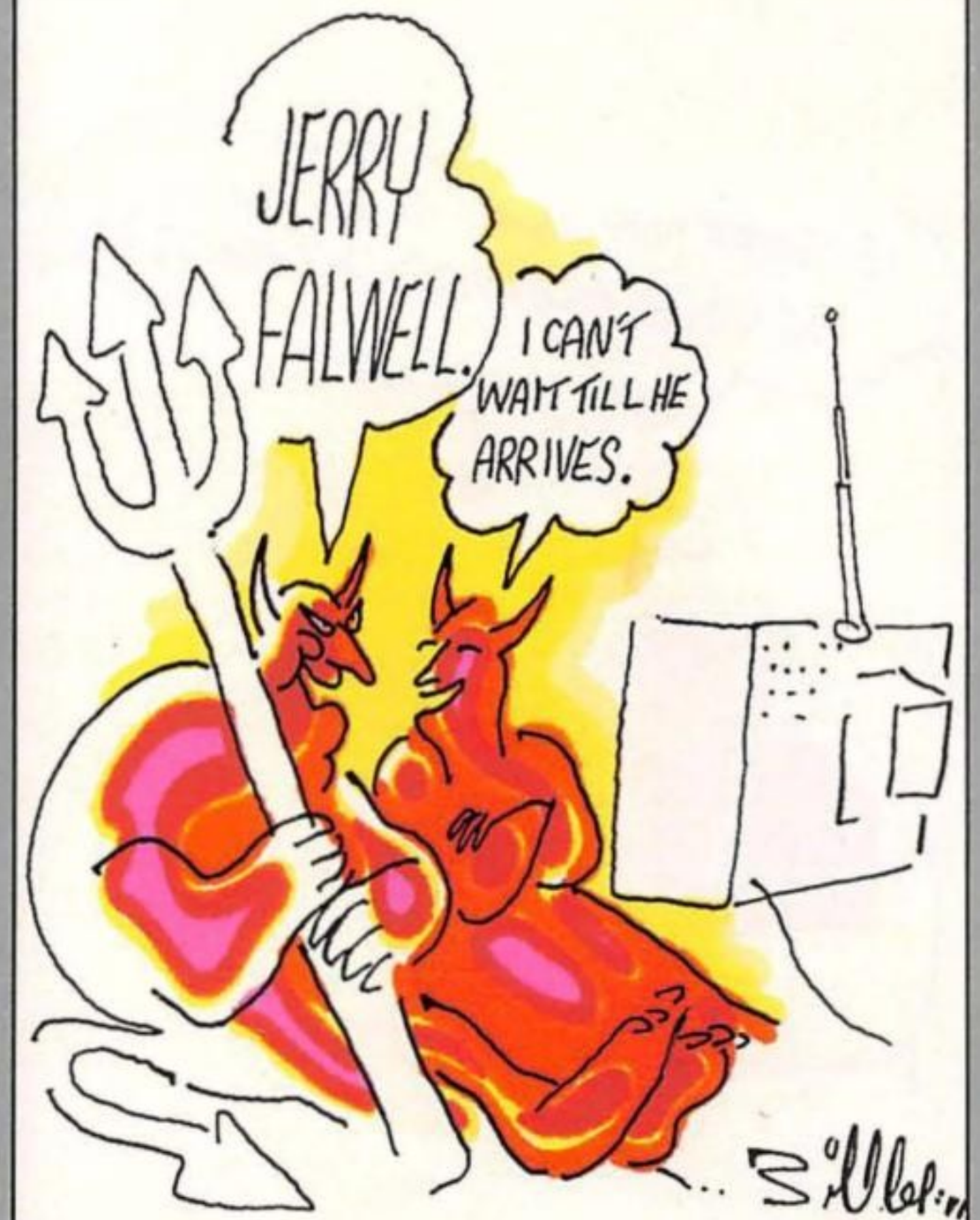
P.T.O.
Praise The Orgasm...


HEAL, OH LORD, HEAL...
BUT THAT'S NOT MY ARM...
BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO HEAL YOUR ARM...

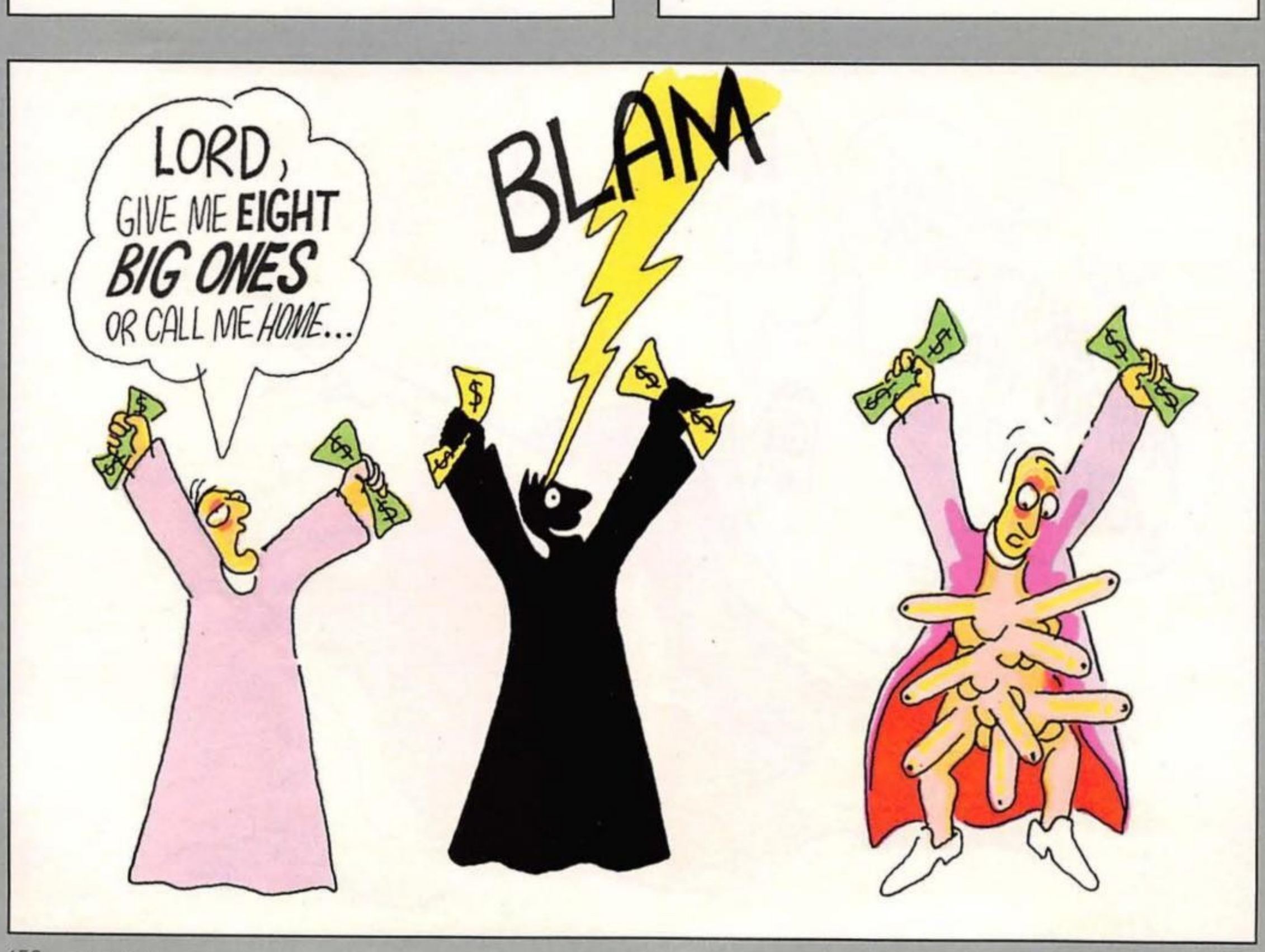
I GAVE ALREADY AT THE OFFICE!!
MEDIA MINISTER BUILDING
GIVE

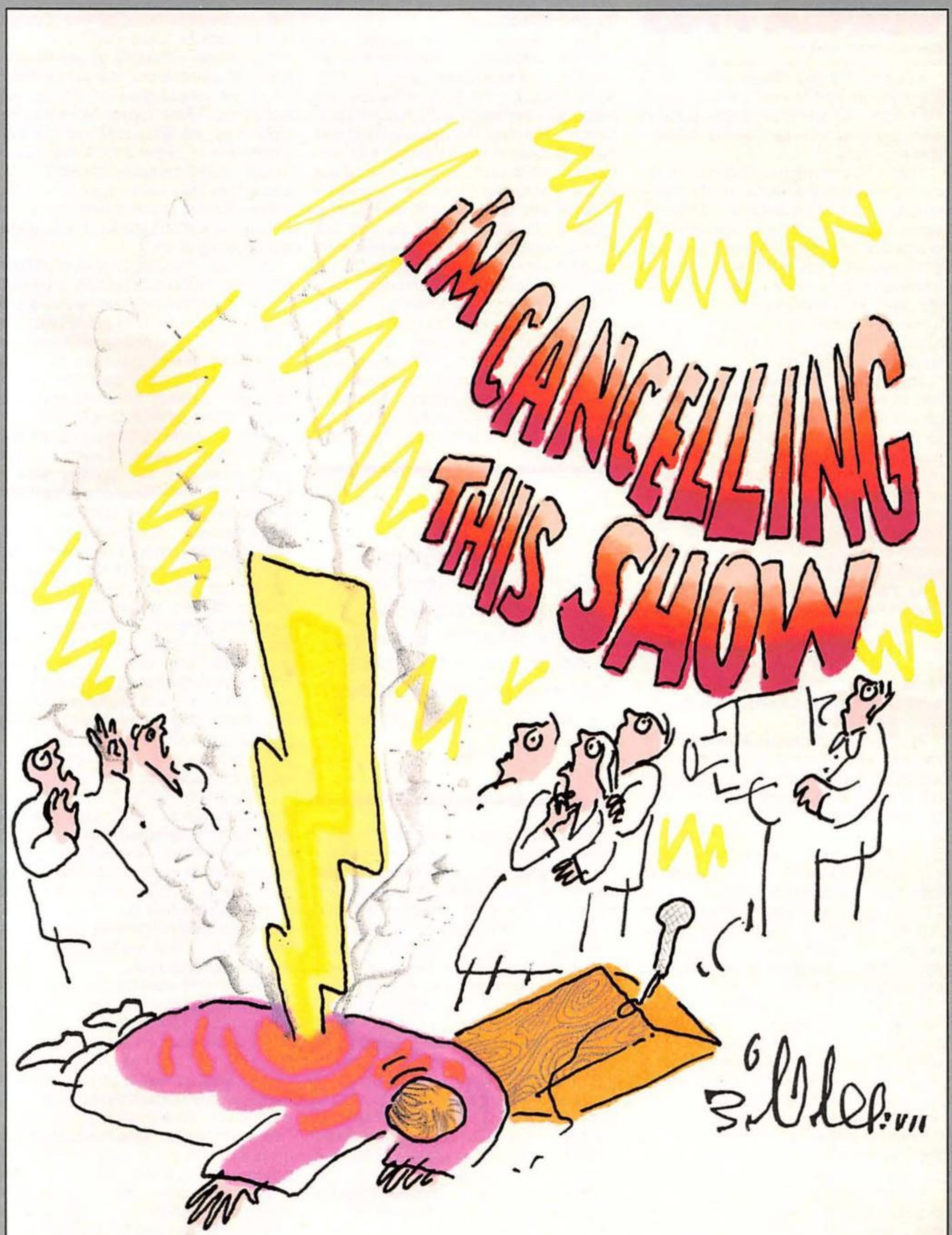

IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS OF YOUR HOMOSEXUALITY!?

BUT I THOUGHT THE MISSIONARY POSITION WAS A JOB OFFER...
IT IS??


JERRY FALWELL.
I CAN'T WAIT TILL HE ARRIVES.

SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL YOU "ORAL"...


LORD, GIVE ME EIGHT BIG ONES OR CALL ME HOME...
BLAM


I'M CANCELLING THIS SHOW

She could feel the hunger of his mouth. Her eyes closed, and she began to hear thunder of a different sort.

MELISSA AND MATT

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

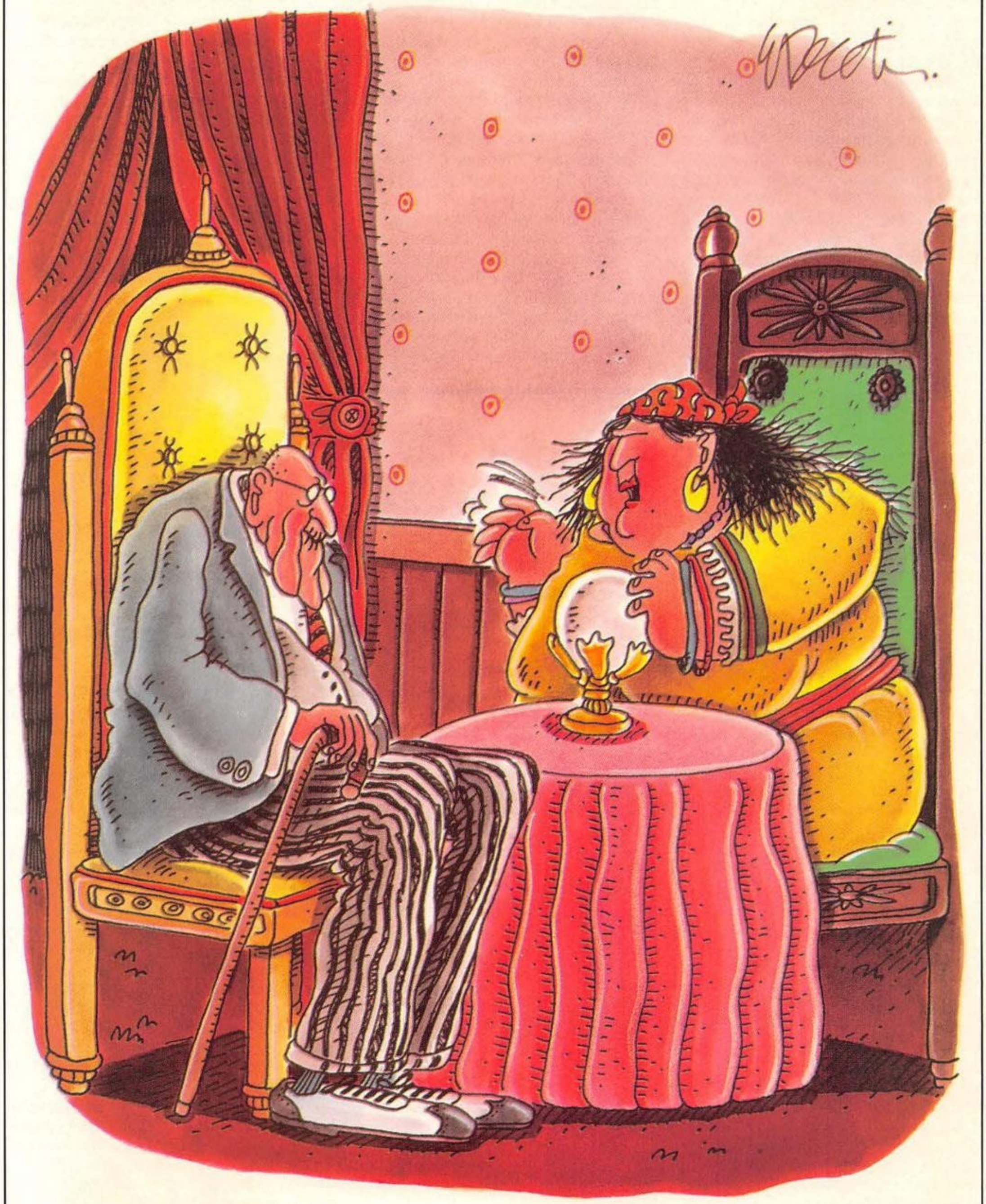
Hair by Tony Singer; makeup by Robert Bolger; location courtesy of Woodvale Mgt. Corp., Tamarac, Fla.; helmet courtesy of Yamaha South, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Matt liked to sneak up and surprise her, but Melissa heard the Harley nearing like thunder from miles away. She loved it when Matt came to her hot from the road. The heat of the leather, the scent of night, did something to her.

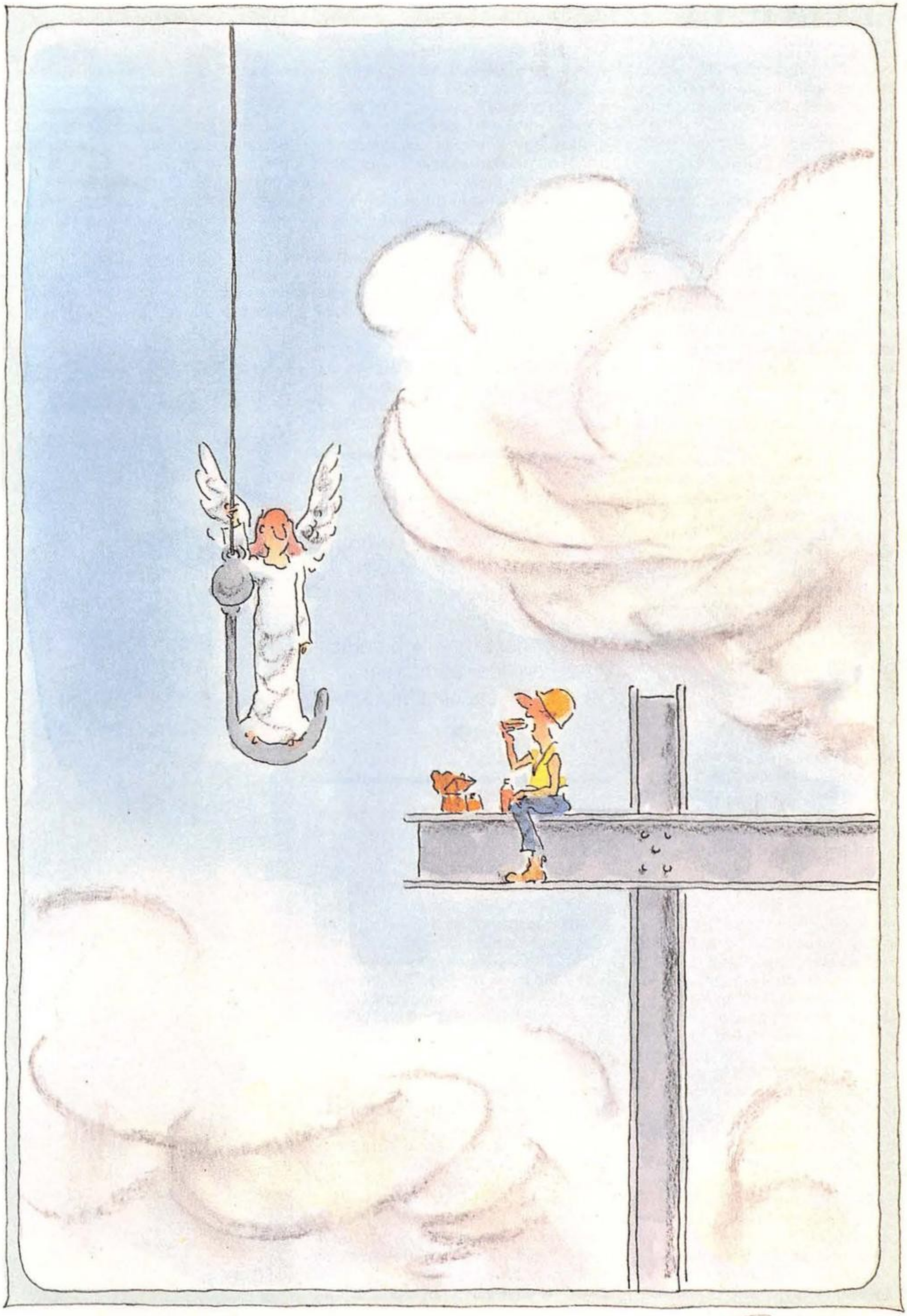
Matt knew exactly what she wanted. He wanted it, too. Melissa, already naked, stripped the warm leather from his body. Revealing flesh that was just as warm, she eased him downward.

She could feel the hunger in his mouth. Her eyes closed, and she began to hear thunder of a different sort. This was the sweet sound of the storm they made together.

Hours passed without them saying a word. Too soon, he would be gone again. There was no time for words.



". . . and if my visions hold true, before the autumn turns to winter, you will have an erection and play defensive linebacker for the Seattle Seahawks."



Sweet Chastity

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT LOUSY FINK VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN HAS DONE A DEAL WITH ARISTOTLE PARNASSUS — IN RETURN FOR THE LATEST UNDERWATER RECOVERY TECHNOLOGY, VINCENT HAS PROMISED THE TYCOON OUR HEROINE! OF COURSE SWEET CHASTITY DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT — THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO DIABOLICAL! HOW COULD HE DO THAT TO HER?

WHILE UNCLE VINCENT AND JOHN VAIN ARE AWAY WITH MR. PARNASSUS, WE'VE GOT TO FIND A BASE FOR OUR ACTIVITIES.

THE COASTLINE AROUND HERE IS HONEYCOMBED WITH VOLCANIC CAVES — WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEWHERE WITH AN ENTRANCE BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE HIGH-TECH RECOVERY HARDWARE...

....BUT IT'S GOT TO BE BELOW THE WATERLINE SO NO ONE CAN SPOT IT!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE, IGOR

?

YOU CAN COLLECT ALL THE SEASHELLS YOU LIKE WHILE WE'RE SEARCHING!

SHE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHERS — SHE MAKES ME FEEL.... WELL... ALMOST LIKE AN EQUAL!

MEANWHILE, REX MUNDAY IS MEETING A FRIEND — WELL, AS NEAR TO A FRIEND AS HE'S EVER GOT!

SEXY REXY MUNDAY! STILL MAKING A BUCK OR TWO OUT OF THE LADIES?

PALERMO AIRP

MARCELLO MINESTRONE, YOU OLD SO AND SO— IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

TAXI

HAVE YOU SOLD THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA TO ANYONE LATELY?

HOTEL AND BAR

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?

IT'S A FISHING VILLAGE— FRITTO MISTO MARE! I'VE GOT A ROOM HERE IN THE HOTEL!

NO — WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

TAXI

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT — THAT'S JUST LOCAL CUSTOM. Y'KNOW — LIKE BULLFIGHTING IN SPAIN AND MORRIS DANCING IN ENGLAND!

WHY DID YOU DO THAT — I THOUGHT HE WAS YOUR FRIEND?

HE WAS — BUT I HAVE TO AVENGE MY GREAT UNCLE FEDORICO'S COUSIN ON MY GRANDMOTHER'S SIDE!

WHAT DID HE DO?

HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING — IT WAS HIS GREAT UNCLE'S COUSIN!

WHAT DID HE DO?

I DON'T KNOW — BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

IT AIN'T MUCH, I KNOW.....

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

...BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY. I'VE GOT SOME BIG ACTION ON THE BOIL!

AND SOMETHING I WANNA SHOW YOU.

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS — IT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY SOME RICH BROAD WHO'S STAYIN' HERE!

WELL — WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

ER...SEMI PRECIOUS STONE! NOTHIN' TO IT!

HOLY COW! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOT HERE!

DAMMIT! AND I THOUGHT I WAS ON TO SOMETHING!

THE GREEDY SLOB AIN'T FOOLIN' ME!

TELL YA WHAT, REXY — I'LL DO YOU A FAVOUR. I'LL GIVE YOU 250 BUCKS FOR IT. YOU'RE A FRIEND AND YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU COULD USE THE BREAD!

FORGET IT! TOO BAD, THOUGH — THERE ARE MORE OF 'EM!

MORE? HOW MANY MORE?

A HELLUVA LOT MORE!

REXY, OLD PAL — FRIEND! I WAS JUST KIDDING YOU ALONG!

WELL, KID ME SOME MORE — OLD BUDDY!

CAN WE DO A DEAL?

I'M LISTENING!

THE PEBBLE'S WORTH A FORTUNE! IT'S AN UNCUT TIGER'S-EYE EMERALD!

THAT'S BETTER, MARCELLO — MUCH BETTER!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME, REXY! HOW MUCH IS THIS CAPER WORTH?

OH, I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU!

AS FAR AS I CAN THROW YOU!

IT COULD BE WORTH A MILLION BUCKS — IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO TAKE A FEW RISKS!

FOR A FEW BLISSFUL WEEKS, IN THE ABSENCE OF HIS MASTER, IGOR HAS BEEN ENJOYING THE GOOD LIFE. WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT WE FIND IT QUITE HEARTWARMING TO SEE A COMIC-STRIP DOGSBODY ABLE TO DO HIS OWN THING.....

A BEAUTIFUL 20-RIB CHLAMYS OPERCULARIS—THE QUEEN SCALLOP!

NOW, WHAT I REALLY WANT IS A 10-CM MUREX BRANDARIS! CAN WE GO OUT AGAIN TODAY, MISS CHASTITY?

'FRAID NOT, IGOR. I'VE HAD A CALL FROM UNCLE VINCENT. WE HAVE A RENDEZVOUS TO KEEP!

ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS —THIS IS IT! BUT NAVIGATION WAS NEVER ONE OF MY STRONG POINTS!

WELL, IF SHE FINDS IT DIFFICULT, THE BARON WILL NEVER MAKE IT!

?.....

IT'S EITHER THE KRAKEN OR UNCLE VINCENT AND SOME SPOT ON NAVIGATION!

GREETINGS, CHASTITY, MY DEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

UNCLE VINCENT—I AM IMPRESSED!

I TELL YOU—THIS TUB HAS GOT EVERYTHING...

... COMPUTERIZED RADAR NAVIGATION—SEABED TELEVISION SCANNER—YOU NAME IT, WE'VE GOT IT! LET'S GIVE 'EM A DEMONSTRATION, VAIN!

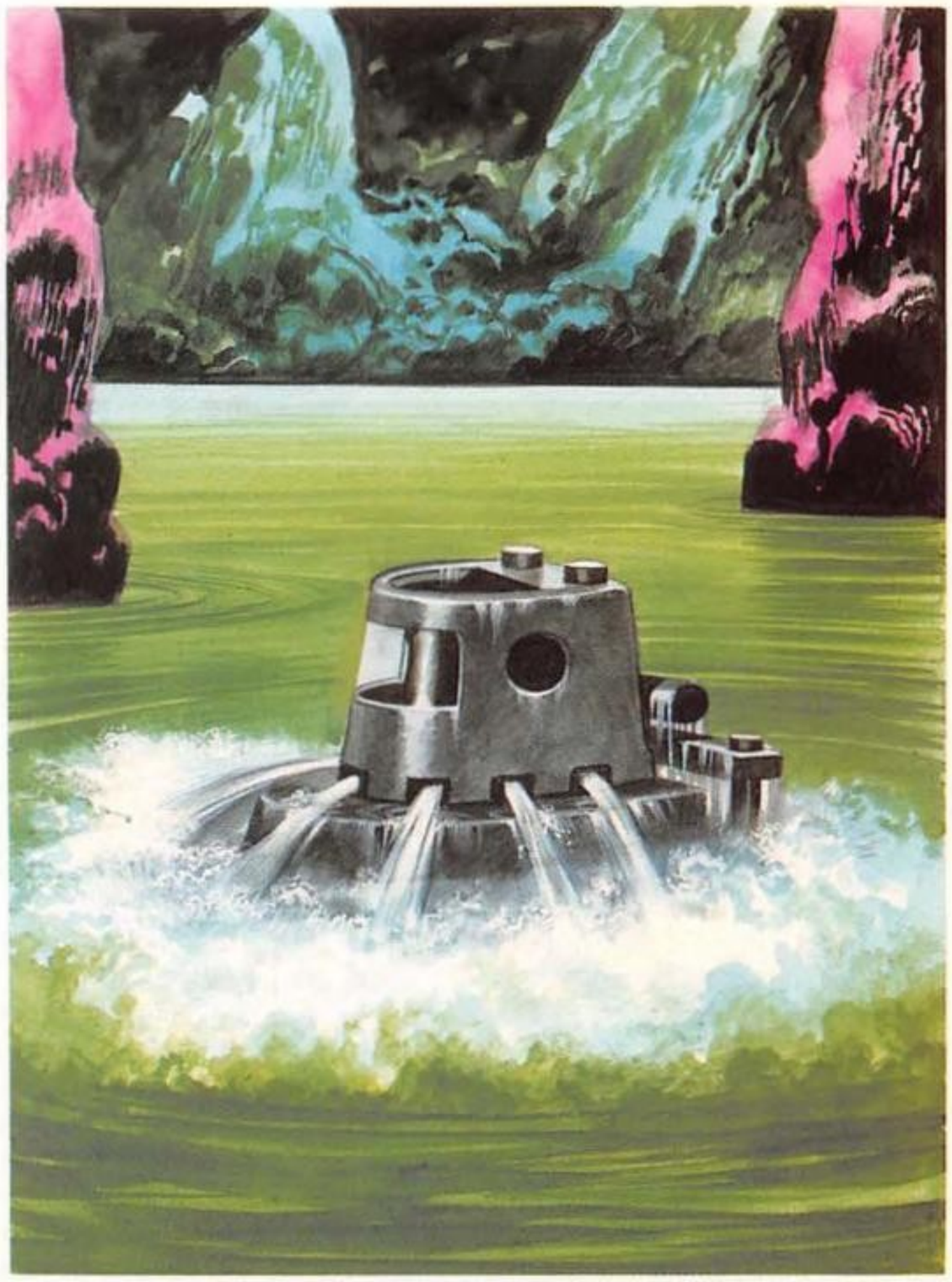
IT HANDLES LIKE A DREAM. PARNASSUS GAVE US AN INTENSIVE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION—WITH THE FOREMOST EXPERTS IN THE BUSINESS!

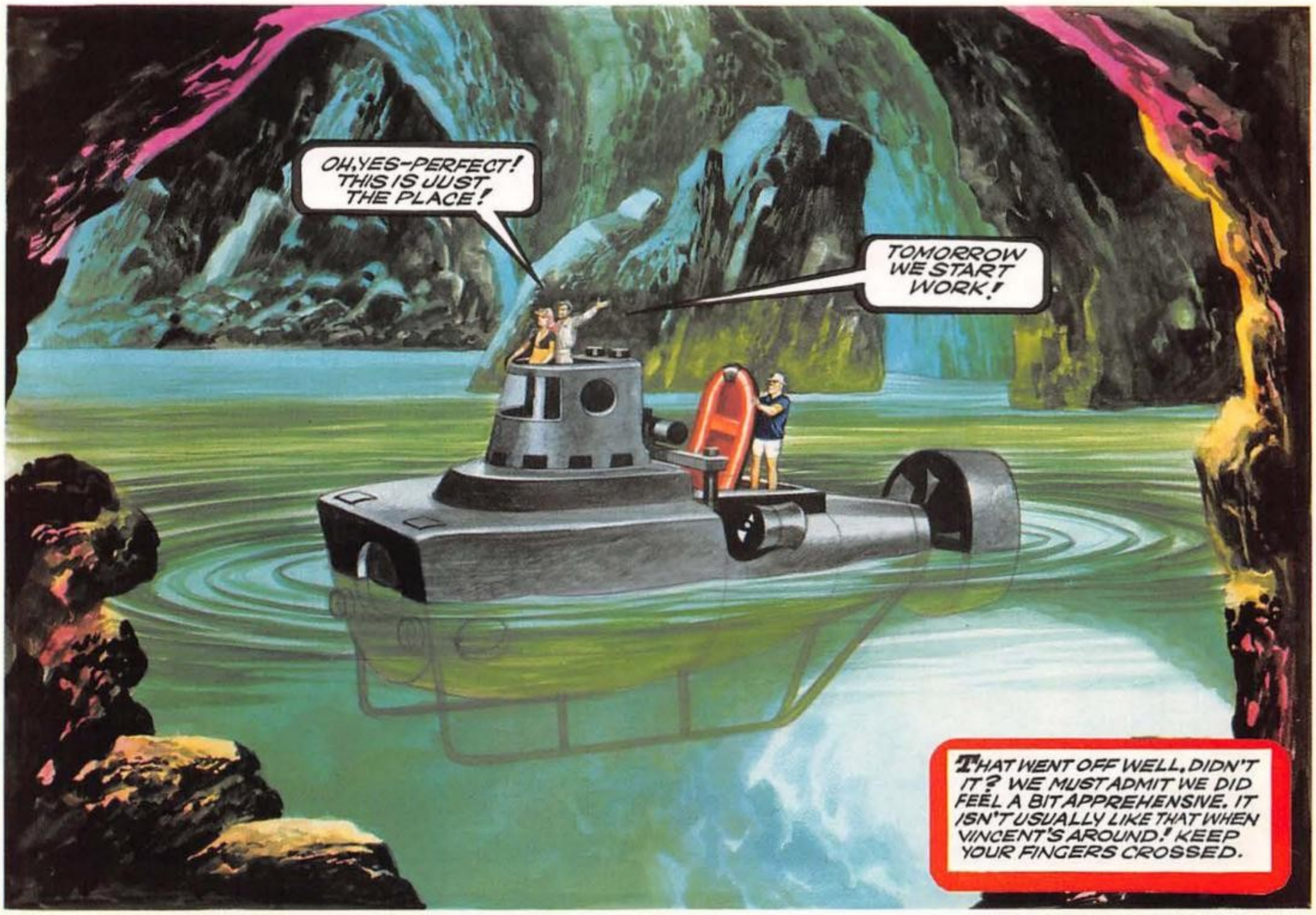
NOW—DID YOU FIND US A SAFE HARBOUR, CHASTITY?

WE DID—WITH SOME EASILY IDENTIFIABLE LANDMARKS, TOO!

OKAY, THEN—LET'S GO! TAKE US UP, VAIN!

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE NEED TO GO ON THE SURFACE. THE ENTRANCE IS BETWEEN THOSE TWO ROCKS!




OH, YES-PERFECT! THIS IS JUST THE PLACE!
TOMORROW WE START WORK!
THAT WENT OFF WELL, DIDN'T IT? WE MUST ADMIT WE DID FEEL A BIT APPREHENSIVE. IT ISN'T USUALLY LIKE THAT WHEN VINCENT'S AROUND! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED.